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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TO MARY,

ON HER SAYING THAT ONE HEART IS TOO  
SMALL TO HOLD MANY FRIENDS.

## I.

O! say not that my heart's too small ;  
There's room my friend for thee ;  
'Tis large enough to hold them all,  
All that are dear to me.  
I hate the little narrow heart,  
Contracted in its view ;  
If friendship's sweet the bliss impart,  
Let others share it too.  
Then say not that my heart's too small,  
There's room, my friend, for thee,  
'Tis large enough to hold them all,  
All that are dear to me.

## II.

Like music friendship is, I've heard,  
Where many chords there be ;  
A friend may be a fifth, a third,  
And yet in tune with me.  
O! then in concert let us join,  
With friendship's sweetest tones,  
And swell the harmony divine,  
That no harsh discord owns.  
But, say not that my heart's too small,  
There's room, my friend, for thee,  
'Tis large enough to hold them all,  
All that are dear to me.

*Edinburgh.*

DION.

## TO MARY,

ON HER SAYING THAT SHE SHOULD NEVER  
RECOVER FROM HER PRESENT ILLNESS.

## I.

If thou should'st die,  
Not one tear should dim this eye ;  
How small the grief,  
Which in tears could find relief !  
The heart that feels,  
Within the core its loss conceals, Mary.

## II.

Then if thou die,  
Not from me shall steal one sigh :  
This heart should break,  
Before a sigh its grief should speak,

For sighs were vain,  
When neither hope nor life remain, Mary!

## III.

All should be still,  
As utmost height of Alpine hill,  
Where not a blast,  
Disturbs the track by traveller trac'd,  
And not one shower,  
Calls from the sullen earth a flower, Mary!  
*Edinburgh.* DION.

ON HEARING MARY SING THE SONG OF  
BARBARA, FROM SHAKESPEAR'S OTHEL-  
LO.

WHEN Mary bids the harp's soft accents  
rise,  
And swells those tones that thrill the  
inmost soul,  
O'er all the frame the quick emotion flies,  
And new sensations through the bosom  
roll.

As with fond ecstasy we list the strain,  
That tells of Barbara's forsaken love,  
How hard to say if pleasure 'twere or pain,  
That bids the heart awhile forget to  
move.

'Tis not the silver sound her lips impart,  
'Tis not the music of the tuneful strings,  
'Tis not a set of words that touch the heart;  
Say, what affects us then when Mary  
sings ?

O! 'tis the tender, sweet expressive grace,  
The nameless something that so much  
can charm,  
Where in each turn the feeling soul we  
trace,  
Which gives the willing breast the soft a-  
larm.

*Edinburgh.*

DION.

SENT WITH A PRESENT TO A FAITHFUL  
SERVANT.

WHAT pity that the faithful swain,  
Whose constant labours tend the vine,  
Props every slender, fruitful branch,  
Laden with grapes, replete with wine,